Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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"UNKNOWN SOLDIER."

BY MARY MCGUIRE.

LIKE lily-pad upon the lake
Lulled by the breeze's motion,
Fair Bird Cay Island rests upon
The bosom of the ocean.

With humble heart and thoughtful brow,
I walk its narrow passes;
The turf is dimpled o'er with knolls
Draped low in feathery grasses.

Another mound—another still—
The soldier band is sleeping;
Over each lowly foam-kissed grave
Wild, tangled vines are creeping.

A head-board rudely whitewashed o'er
Keeps guard above the pillow,
A tender dirge sobs mournfully
From every crested billow.

Some stranger hand has written here,
Where now thick mosses hover:
"Soldier, unknown;" all else long years
In restful silence cover.

They loved, they hoped, they fought, *they died,*
Vanished their dreams of glory;
"Unknown" in nameless graves they lie,
Ended for them life's story.

And yet methinks the Father guards
Each form that here reposes,
As well as if 'neath marble shade
It lay o'erstrewn with roses.

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the school at Hexham opened, Jack was quite well, and Uncle John took him over with Will to begin an entirely new life there away from his mother. It is true they were to come home every Friday night and stay till Monday morning, for Hexham was only fifteen miles from Danvers; but it seemed much farther to Jack, and his heart swelled within him as, after shaking hands with the aunts, kissing the girls, and receiving a great hug from Mimy, he threw his arms round his mother's neck and laid his wet cheek against hers. Manice's eyes were full too, but she did not let Jack see them. She held him closely, and kissed him with a mother's tender kiss. But she kept her voice firm as she said,

"Good-bye, my boy. Don't forget your watch-word 'No' for all evil. Be so brave we shall all be proud of you, and remember your chapter and mine."

Jack pulled himself away and bounded down the steps, stopping a moment before he opened the door to give his face a vigorous rubbing and wink the tears off his lashes.

"Hooray, Will!" he shouted, as he clambered up into his uncle's carriage, and waved his hand to the twins at the window.

He did try hard to be brave, and very soon the novelty of the drive and the eager thrill of anticipation replaced in the child's heart the sorrow of parting. It is such a thing to be young!

His mother's grief lay hard and bitter in her soul all day, and was only solaced by her unceasing look upward. But he was soon happy in the play-ground with his fellows, and looking forward to all he should have to tell his mother when Saturday came.

The Hexham school was literally as well as nominally a family school, not a place for boys to herd together and be crammed with such book-knowledge as is considered necessary. There were only twelve pupils here, and they were taught by an elderly clergyman and his daughter. They all boarded in the house—a rambling old structure that began life as a country tavern, and when railways abolished such institutions had been bought by Mr. Kent, and served ever since for its present purpose.

The old ball-room was used as a school-room, with one end screened off for Miss Malvina's recitation room; and the numerous chambers that had once accommodated guests made it possible to give every boy a room of his own, which was a recommendation in itself.

Mr. Kent was a quiet, simple, unworldly man, very learned in books, but with little other wisdom. Miss Malvina had keener sense for every-day matters, and kept order among the boys much better than her father, though she confined her teaching to the common English studies.

Jack was a fairly intelligent boy, and had been taught to study, but Will had never applied himself. He liked to lose himself in thoughts of his last game at marbles, or plans for getting back to Danvers for a base-ball game better than to grind away at long division or the boundaries of countries. Miss Malvina was pretty sharp with him as she found him out.

One day, when he had astonished her more than usual by the statement that twenty-five apples could be divided among four boys and give them seven apiece, and followed it up by asserting that the Hudson River rose in Lake Erie and emptied into Chesapeake Bay, she laid down her book, and said,

"Will Boyd, what do you mean to do when you grow up?"

"Have a good time," said Will, coolly.

"What do you call a good time?"

"O, drivin' fast horses, smokin' cigars, and havin' a yacht of my own. I'll make things fly, you bet!" laughed the precocious youth.

"Did you ever smoke a cigar?"

"Not yet. Pa wont let me. Keep's sayin', 'There's time enough by and by,' but I want to get used to 'em."

"Why?"

"O—well—because I do!"

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"That is a reason, is it? Will cigars taste good?"

"I guess so, when you get to it."

"Will they keep you warm, or make you well?"

"O, Miss Malvina!" said several eager voices, and hands went up from more.

"Well, let us hear the sense of the class."

"My mother says they make you awful sick," began Jack, who sat nearest.

"And my father said the other day it took folks a month sometimes to get so they could smoke 'em," said Paul Day, a slender boy of twelve.

"So all the books about tobacco say it is harder work to learn to smoke a cigar than to learn how to plow, or how to write plainly, or how to do a great many things that are useful to us or to other people."

"But gentlemen smoke 'em," said Will, sulkily.

"Poor fellows!" said Miss Malvina, in an accent of contemptuous pity. "They ought to be asked the Bible questions: 'Why do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?'"

"Well, pa smokes, and I'm goin' to!" said Will, angrily.

Miss Malvina's mouth was stopped. Could she say to the child that he should not honor his father's example?

Jack, quick to notice, saw her face grow sad.

"I don't b'lieve mother wants *me* to smoke," he said.

"Ma—baby!" sneered Will.

Jack grew red and hot in a minute. He sprang at Will, but Miss Malvina's arm interposed.

"Jack, sit down at once!"

Jack sat down. He had been well trained in obedience, but the evil and angry look deepened on his face.

"What do you mean, Will, by calling Jack that name?" asked Miss Malvina.

Will twisted uneasily on his chair. He thought his Aunt Manice was "awful nice," and he did not know how to explain.

"It looks a good deal as if you didn't know."

The boys laughed.

"And, Jack, why did you want to strike Will? Are you ashamed of loving and trying to please your mother?"

"No!" roared Jack, his swelling heart seeming to lend an impetus to the word that disregarded civility.

"Two silly boys!" laughed Miss Malvina, "can't either of them tell why they said what they did say. Now we'll go on with the lesson."

And when they left for the play-ground at recess, Jack's arm was around Will's neck; he had forgiven, and Will had let him. It was the usual attitude of the two boys toward each other.

Miss Malvina thought a great deal over this talk in the class; she had not finished it. She had come up so suddenly against a teaching and an example that controverted hers, and was of stronger authority, that she felt discouraged. Next day, however, she resumed the conversation.

"Now, boys, you all wonder, I suppose, why I asked Will Boyd yesterday what he meant to do when he grew up. It was because I wanted to have you all think what you come to school for. What *do* you think about that? One at a time!"

"To learn lessons." "To behave." "Because father said I must," repeated in different phrases, but the same ideas, were the answers of the class of ten.

"That's pretty true; but it is very much as if I asked you what you planted an apple-seed for, and you should say, 'To have it come up.' There is a reason why you should learn lessons; what is it?"

"So's to know somethin'," called out Fred White.

"Yes, that's good so far; but why must you know any thing?"

The boys were at a loss for a proper answer.

"So's not to be fools!" said Will, with a fine air of scorn.

"Why don't you want to be a fool?" asked their teacher, quietly.

"O fools aint worth havin' round, they aint good for a thing!"

"There you've hit it, Will; you need to learn in order to be of some use in the world. If you don't learn geography, how are you going to know where to go, on business or pleasure? Here's Will would go coasting about Chesapeake Bay when he wanted to sail up the Hudson and see its lovely shores, and Fred, who told me that the Adirondack forests were in Pennsylvania, might go hunting there for deer and fall down a coal-mine."

The boys tittered, and nudged each other. Boys like ideas as well as grown people, but they like them illustrated.

"Or here's Paul, when he wants to sell a hundred barrels of flour from his father's mill for four dollars and half a barrel, would let a man pay him four hundred and twenty-five dollars according to his multiplication yesterday, instead of four hundred and fifty. Now I want you to think when you learn your lessons, not, 'O how I do hate this old jography!' or, 'Multiplication is vexation, division is as bad!' and the rest of that ditty, but 'I must learn this, so I can be a useful man,' for Will said rightly, nobody has any use for a fool."

Here Miss Malvina stopped; she knew by experience that too much wisdom at a time is bad for boys. So she went on with her lesson, and made it as pleasant to them as a born teacher can make lessons. They really were interested in the wheat fields, the apple-orchards, the flowing rivers full of flat-boats, steamers, and other odder craft, and the great lake lapping at and sliding away its northern border, which were part and parcel of Ohio, the State of their geographical lesson to-day.

Will Boyd seemed least interested of them all; he was thinking of something else evidently. It was his turn to go down to the village this noon for the mail. Generally the boy on whom this agreeable duty devolved asked and was allowed to have another boy to go with him, but this day Will didn't invite any body. After school in the afternoon he disappeared, the rest were out in the home-field playing ball, but he did not join them. Pretty soon Jack was sent after him; they wanted to play a game where "even sides" were necessary. So Jack set out to find him. He hunted over the playground, the wood-shed, the barn, and at last a peculiar odor coming from the empty corn-house betrayed the wanderer. Jack opened the door, and there sat Will, white and ghastly, sucking away at the end of a cheap cigar.

Will was one of those not uncommon people who begin to desire to do a thing as soon as they are advised not to do it. When he heard Miss Malvina express her disgust at cigar smoking, he began to long to learn how. He had availed himself of his errand to the village to buy a bundle of the commonest sort, made of coarse damaged tobacco, and had stolen away and hid himself in the corn-crib, not expecting to be looked after or found out if he was.

But here he was, struggling with the nauseous taste and smell of the thing, trying to master the method of smoking it; his back braced against a post, and his face livid with the effort to repress an overmastering nausea that was gradually getting the better of him. But he was not going to give in before Jack. He took the cigar from his lips and waved it at his cousin.

"Hooray, Jack! how—augh, O!—how'd you find me?"

"Same way folks find a skunk!" said Jack, with withering sarcasm.

"O come now, augh! smoke rather chokes a feller, ugh—don't be so tony, Jack. Have one yourself! Nothin' like tryin'."

"No!" said Jack, with a face of disgust. He might have said more, but just then Will turned over on his face on the slatted floor and outraged nature avenged herself. No landsman on his first voyage was ever more deadly seasick than poor Will.

Jack managed to help him into the house and up to his room after a while, but the exertion brought on his nausea afresh, and Miss Malvina had to be called. And then Mr. Kent, passing along the hall, perceived there was some trouble, and came in himself.

There was no need to inquire or explain the cause of this

sickness. The odor of the wretched cigar filled the boy's hair and clothes, and when at last, weak and tired out, he fell asleep, all his garments were strung out on the clothes-line and left to the purifying of the winds, or they would have betrayed him to the school.

"Poor boy!" said kind old Mr. Kent, as he came in before bed-time to ask how Will was, and found him fast asleep, pale as death, with dark semicircles below his eyes from mere exhaustion.

"I don't feel that way about it," said Miss Malvina, sharply. "He's got what he deserved, and I hope it will teach him a lesson."

"My dear, 'if we all got our deserts who should 'scape whipping?' and is it pleasant to learn such hard lessons, do you think? He is so young too, so ignorant of life. Poor boy!"

Miss Malvina looked at her father's gentle face and smiled.

"Well, then! Poor boy!" she said.

But Jack didn't think so.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BEE REPUBLIC.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

DID you ever spend a day at a bee-hive? In a large apiary which I visited not long ago I discovered Italian, Syrian, and Holy Land bees living in harmony with their American brothers and sisters. The Italians are a docile race, but not as busy as the Holy Land bees, though the latter have a bad name for docility, being easily irritated. The Syrians wear Burnside whiskers down their sides. They are indefatigable workers.

The bee-hive is a small two-story house. The first floor is the brood chambers, and this the bees fill first with stores for the winter. It is also the royal residence of the queen. The upper story is for the surplus honey, and the bees fill this for the market. Honey is the nectar of the flowers. The bees do not make it. They simply gather it and place it in the store-house.

The bee-hive is a republic in one sense, but rather a constitutional monarchy like England. Although there is an imperial queen to whom great respect is shown, she does not appear to possess much governing authority, and resigns the throne as soon as her functions cease. Uncovering a hive I watched the bees at their labor. The honey-comb of cells was covered with the workers. One would stop at a cell a moment and then go along, then another would give a bite or two, and all seemed rather careless of regular work; but still there must be a regular plan of labor and a directing force. Sentinels are constantly on duty at the door, but no particular bee appears to have been assigned the task. The wax-workers or comb-builders seem to change off indifferently with the honey-gatherers and the nursing bees that guard the cells where the young ones are hatching. The queen alone appears to have a regular task. She moves about the comb depositing eggs in the cells. She thus places from two to three thousand eggs a day. A colony of the insects in good form is composed of about thirty thousand bees, and their average life being only from forty to sixty days there must be a constant addition to keep up the population. A queen reigns from one to three years. The eggs seem all alike and are made to produce workers, or drones, or queens, as the colony nominates. The workers are imperfect females, the drones are the males, while the queens are the perfected females and each has a cell of her own. When a queen is wanted the bees select a cell and cut away the comb on both sides of it, and build a balloon-shaped cell about an inch long. This is carefully guarded and the larva is fed the richest food, usually the pollen of flowers mixed with honey and water. Some of the cells are used as magazines in which to store the queen's food. The food of the young queen is called royal jelly. The queen cells are never disturbed by the old queen during the swarming season; that is, during the time when the bees have concluded that the swarm is getting too large and it is time to divide the family. As the new queen is about to be born, the old queen generally organizes a new colony, and scouts having been sent out by her to find a good location, she departs with her followers and guides to the new country. In the high councils of beedom, if it is concluded that the colony can again be divided, the first new queen takes off another colony. If not, then her first act is to sting the cells of the other queens and put them to death. If two queens are hatched at the same time a ring is formed and they fight to the death of one of them and the other reigns. The marriage ceremony of a new queen is performed in mid-air, and after the wedding the drone husband goes off and dies, and the queen lives a happy widow the rest of her life.

The new queen is full of business. She wants every thing in perfect order about the hive. She will not keep the drones over winter, but commands the workers to carry them out to die. The young bees that are hatched imperfect are immediately dragged out and put to death. If a foreign substance is too bulky to be removed it is immediately cemented over.

Frequently a scout comes around the colony from a neighboring hive. He endeavors to discover the strength of the colony. Watching his chance he will pass the sentries undiscovered, and when he comes again he will have an army at his back. The only resistance is made at the sentry gates, and very often fierce battles occur, many of the fighters being killed and injured. If the attacking party wins the battle the conquered colony helps to carry its own honey home to the victors. They believe that to the victors belong the spoils.

One of the most important facts about the bee is that it cannot sting but once, and dies soon after.

THE GREAT WORLD GROWS.

THINK when you blame the present age, my friends,
This age has one redeeming point—it mends.
With many monstrous ills we're forced to cope;
But we have life and movement, we have hope.
O! this is much! Thrice pitiable they
Whose lot is cast in ages of decay;
Who watch a waning light, an ebbing tide,
Decline of energy and fall of pride,
Old glories disappearing unreplaced,
Receding culture and encroaching waste;
Art grows pedantic, manners waxing coarse,
The good thing still succeeded by the worse.

—*Professor Seeley.*

LITTLE SANDY, THE HERO OF LONG-SHIPS.

BY MARION MANVILLE.

THE county, or shire, of Cornwall, in Great Britain, stretches out into the sea, and forms the extreme western point of the island. The head-land arising there is called Land's End, and the name Cornwall is supposed to have arisen from the Celtic word "kern," meaning a horn; and gaul, or waal, the name given to the Britons by the Saxons, thus making the word Kernwaal, or its more modern form Cornwall.

As late as 1818 there was a lively smuggling business kept up on the coast, the hilly country with its many dreary and barren moors offering great inducements for the concealment of contraband goods. Perhaps the dangerous nature of the coast was also a temptation, for the shores of Cornwall are especially rugged, and wrecks were frequent. So great was the danger to maritime travel that a light-house was erected,

standing eighty-eight feet from the water-level, and even at that height the spray in violent weather beats against the great lantern with terrible fury.

The light-house stands upon the dangerous rocks known as Longships, and is about a mile out from Land's End, whose granite cliffs average from forty to sixty feet in height, and form innumerable fantastic shapes where the great fingers of the sea have for ages worked their whims upon its outlines.

Fifty miles down the coast stands the rebuilt Eddystone Light-house, quite hidden from Land's End by the Lizard—a point of land which creeps out into the ocean between Falmouth Harbor and Mount's Bay.

At the time of which I write the autumn equinox was approaching, and the winds which sweep over this bleak but picturesque coast with more or less violence the year round were threatening a gale. The sun was setting in a heavy bank. A red glow lit up the rugged landscape. The tide came resonantly thundering in through its caverns, out of sight but not out of hearing. A few late gulls were wheeling restlessly about.

As the reflected glow faded off the granite face of Land's End, a spectator not far out at sea might have fancied he saw a shadow creeping along the front of the cliff; looking closer he might make it out to be more substance than shadow; with a glass it would have resolved itself into a man's shape, clinging like a fly to the ceiling, crawling along with his face to the wall, aiding himself with foot and hand.

One watching him would have seen a similar shape emerge from what appeared to be the solid rock, and follow the first. Another, and yet another—five, six, seven—all keeping their backs to the sea, and climbing along the same precipitous wall, which would have looked from the water hardly as if birds could have found footing.

One by one they crawl up the cliff, working always to the right, and finally disappear over the top. Then, could an imaginary spectator have arisen from the water into the air and watched proceedings from a sea-gull's stand-point, he would have seen still stranger things. Upon reaching the top the men throw themselves flat upon the rocks, and one who appears to be a leader keeps a wary lookout both seaward and landward. He wears a scarlet neckerchief, and has a long glass slung by a strap from his shoulder, which he restores to its case as the dusk gathers.

"It's too dark to see more at the light-house," he remarks, addressing his nearest comrade. "Since we can't see them, they can't see us."

"Ay, ay, sir; but it's best to be sure 'bout the land-side, too. Some landlubber might be prowlin' round hereabouts now as would be wery glad to run down to St. Ives and tell the revenue-cutter men as how he seen some 'spicious lookin' cusses—perwidin' he seen us an' we didn't seen him," he added, significantly.

"That's true, Bill. We will stay here a half an hour longer, but it wont do to delay after that. It's pokerish enough getting out to Longships after dark at any time, and worse than ever with such a sea as this. But the light must be out at nine sure, for the *Heleene* was sighted off Prawle Point yesterday noon, and nothing but these back winds could have delayed her this long. But as she is overdue Captain Frear wont put into harbor even for a brisk old equinox."

"That he wont! He's a tough old sea-dog as aint scared fur winds nur gales ov winds."

"I saw a speck over there in the east with my last glass," continued the first speaker, "which is more than likely to be the *Heleene* now. If it is, the sooner the light is out the better."

"If that condemned boat's crew from the cutter hadn't been mousin' roun' the light'us' all the arternoon them lamps wouldn't never been lighted this night!" muttered Bill, wrathfully.

"I would have risked it anyway if the odds had not been quite so great. But it was more than two to one," said the leader.

Shortly after this, in response to a quiet order, the men arise and file cautiously off.

They had scarcely disappeared when another form, more dusk and more stealthy than any of the preceding ones—if that were possible—came out of the shadows. But it was smaller. Looking closer you saw it was only a child with a very pale face. A boy of perhaps twelve, but looking even younger than that, and small of his years. There was something weird and eerie about his looks, and by and by you would have known he was what sailors and savages call an innocent; not quite a fool, nor yet quite bright; given to muttering to himself and full of unearthly fancies.

"So they's a-goin' to be a-puttin' of the light out at the light'us', an' a-runnin' of the *Heleene* onto them there big rocks an'a-killin' of Captain Frear as aint never done them no harm, an' never went fur to do nothink but jes' bring that bark inter port as he orter."

The child was shifting the weight of his basket of gulls'-eggs uneasily from hand to hand.

"An' how is daddy in the light'us' goin' to know 'bout them warmints? I don't know. I don't know much nohows"—with a pathetic realization of his infirmity which sometimes comes to such.

The rocky and hilly geography of Cornwall, which confines itself to very inconsiderable mountains in the central and western part, rises in the east to two elevations of sufficient prominence to require names. Accordingly, one is named Brown Willy, and the other Brown Gilly. From the foot of Brown Gilly came the light-house keeper with his one simple child. A taciturn man not given to much friendliness, but faithful in the discharge of duty.

Alone with the child he had lived and delved upon the poor little plat of ground which the barren rocks afforded. The boy was allowed to spend as much time upon shore as he chose, and frequented Land's End with no other purpose than his own amusement. He searched among the cliffs for gulls'-nests, and became familiar with every nook and cranny of the shore. He possessed that instinct which answers for animals, and such as he—often to the disadvantage of reason—and had become like one of the wild inhabitants of the air, fearless and accountable to none.

"Now, them lamps is got to burn, 'n' ef they is put out they is goin' to be lighted ag'in, that's all," he said, with a defiant gesture after the retreating wreckers. "Dad, he can't fight all them warmints. Now, who kin? Not me. I aint big enough fur to do that. But I kin fool 'em. I'm a fool, an' I'll fool 'em." He laughed at his own conceit, and repeated the sentence over and over, "I'm a fool, an' I'll fool 'em."

With the agility of a squirrel he began climbing down the north side of the cliff. Hand over hand he went down a kind of natural ladder formed of niches and projecting crags known only to the boy. Indeed, no one else—unless it were the wreckers—would have had the hardihood to use it if it had been known.

At the foot of this natural ladder was a small cove not large enough for any other purpose than that to which it had been put. It served to conceal a little boat, so small as to be almost a toy beside the clumsy craft of the fishermen. This tiny dory, wonderfully light and strong, Captain Frear had ordered built at the shipwright's expressly for little Sandy.

The kind-hearted captain had lost his only child, a boy, years ago, and the sight of this little motherless fellow, afflicted and alone, so far as childish companionship went, had moved him to an act of kindness which had furnished the child many a happy hour. Dependent as he was upon some craft to reach the main-land, and too small to manage his father's boats, this one had been a godsend to him. The old fishermen shook their heads and predicted that the first big wave would swamp it. But, contrary to all expectations, the dory behaved well—in fact, had gone back and forth in such rough weather that it had gained the reputation of having some supernatural power of its own. As old Uncle Ben said,

"Any smart boy would be drownded the wery first wave as struck it. But that ther' fool Sandy'd weather a sou'easter in it."

The boy pushed out. He did not realize the extent of the crime contemplated by the wreckers. But instinct taught him that as long as he could remember that light had burned at night. It was habit with him, rather than reason, which recognized this, and he dimly understood the result it would have upon the two people in the world who were always kind to him.

The sea was rough and the wind blew strong from off it. It was hard work making headway against it and the tide. Muttering to himself he bent to his work.

"Now, them ther' boat's crew'll git to Longships afore I kin git ther', work as good as I kin. An' I can't fool 'em may be, an' I can't fight 'em, no how!"

He seemed endowed with double strength, and pulled away with a will. But the boat's crew did better, and had rounded the end, their strong, even strokes telling against the adverse wind. The leader was giving his final directions:

"Now, listen. You see that light?"

"Ay, ay, sir; we see it."

"Well, all I ask of you is to keep clear of the rocks and leave the rest to me. Within thirty minutes that lamp will be out. And to-morrow or next day, whenever the sea will pass a boat, old Watkins will get his discharge for neglect of duty. But that wont save the *Heleene's* cargo."

"But, sir," ventured Bill. "no man is still an' peaceable like but dead folks, when questions is riz about happenin's an' things."

"Bosh, man! Who will believe the assertions of a drunken fool when it's for his interest to tell a smooth story. Here, you hold this glass. Now, my hearties, keep off the rocks, and when you hear my whistle give me an answer and pull nearer."

With that the young man arose and committed the extraordinary act of leaping overboard.

"Blast my timbers! Ef that don't beat any thing yit!" exclaimed Bill. "That comes of havin' a eddicatin', I reckon. But," scratching his head dubiously, "hanged ef I'd duck my eddicatin' sich a night as this!"

Ten minutes later a man apparently half-drowned staggered into the light-keeper's cabin.

"Well, shipmate," he gasped, "nothing short of Gabriel's trump would bring you to help a drowning man! I shouted as loud as my lungs and the waves would let me, and, no thanks to your help, managed to crawl ashore."

The light-keeper stared at his unexpected visitor.

"Why, mon, I be watchin' fur me lad, an' be ouet o' doors most o' time since sun's down. I heared naught."

"But I shouted the same," persisted the man. "Where is your lad?"

"O, he be stayin' the night at St. Ives, I warrant, fur the sea be too rough fur him. Do ye know the lad, mate?"

"No. I am a stranger in these parts. I put out of Mount's Bay this afternoon in a small sail-boat. It capsized in a sudden squall, owing to my clumsiness, I suppose; and I clung to it for two hours and more; but this infernal breeze drifted me right on to Longships, punched a hole in my craft's side, and left me to swim for it. Give me a glass of hot grog, shipmate, and set up one for yourself. It's unsocial drinking alone."

The keeper took down two cups from his small cupboard, together with a bottle and sugar. Fifteen minutes later the half-drowned sailor was climbing nimbly up the steep ladder to the tower, and the light-keeper sat in his chair with his arms upon the table, and his head upon his arms, breathing the heavy breath of a drugged sleep. At his side nearly touching the unconscious hand was the black bottle which was to secure his discharge.

The light was out at Longships for the first time.

Before leaving the rocks the wrecker set the keeper's boat adrift, and, unchaining a small dory which lay beside it, rowed out to his crew. There a vigorous shove overturned it, and keel upward it drifted landward.

The wind had increased to a gale, and the wrecker's boat made a landing with difficulty. As its crew were congratulating themselves upon having performed the trip safely, a sudden exclamation called their attention seaward. With an oath Bill pointed toward Longships.

The light blazed out of the tower with its usual brilliancy, lighting up the churning waves between, and throwing its steady rays far out into the darkness seaward.

"What witch's play is this!" exclaimed the man who beheld his supposed successful adventure thus destroyed. "Launch the boat again!" he shouted. "There was no living creature upon the rocks but the old man, and he should sleep for twenty hours. Curse him, I'll put him asleep for twenty years—if the old fox was only shamming and has relit that lamp." Then with an oath he shouted again, "Man the boat!"

But with the superstition common to sailors, the men refused to fly in the face of fate, as it would plainly be doing to again attempt what had been foiled by unearthly power. And in truth no boat could have lived in such a sea as now came thundering in.

"I will give five hundred pounds to be equally divided among the men who will go with me."

But all refused.

"No, cap'n. Five hundred thousand pounds wouldn't be much worth to six drownded men," which piece of philosophy no one seemed prepared to dispute.

Meantime, little Sandy, having seen the light again at its work, crept with trembling limbs down to the keeper's room. He touched his father's shoulder and called,

"Dad, dad, wake up! The light's all right. She's lighted ag'in 'n' burnin' 'n'—"

But the figure was motionless, and with an awed and frightened face little Sandy bent over it. The long sighs had given place to lower and more regular breathing. The drug was at work.

What was to be done? The boy's mind was not equal to the emergency. He sat down near his father, scarcely more conscious than he. No thought of signals came to him. His poor brain was in such a whirl the little wit he had seemed to have deserted him. But with that instinct which is a part of every lacking brain, he felt rather than knew that the lamp must be kept burning. Once, twice, three times he crept to the tower, then down again, and dumbly watching the still form before him.

Outside the storm raved. The very rocks trembled at its fury. The voices of the gale shrieked and roared and wailed through the darkness. Once he thought he heard a distant —boom! Perhaps it was the *Heleene's* guns. But even that did not rouse him. Once he put a stick upon the fire, but it soon burned down and white ashes grew over the coals. It seemed cold. He lit another candle when the first had spluttered and flickered in the socket, but that too burned down and went out. Then it was quite dark. Now and then the lightning put its yellow face against the window and glared into the room. Then it ran to the door, and he could hear its thunderous hands rattle the latch. By and by there came a faint light. Stronger and stronger it grew. It was dawn. Again he touched his father's arm.

"Dad, it's morning."

There was no reply. He did not venture to speak again, but watched the gray clouds scudding across the window, and watched the surf beat. It did not sound so loud now it was light. And by and by the poor benumbed brain began to stir. But still he sat there—one hour, two, three hours after daylight. He arose and touched his father's hands. They were cold. Why should they be? And why should dad sleep so late and so quiet? He opened the door and let in a great gust of fresh sea breeze; then sat down upon the step and, with his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees, looked gloomily off landward.

Suddenly the thought occurred to him that his father might be sick. Why, then he needed the doctor. That was what sick folks always had. He knew that much. He wasn't a fool about that—by no means! He sprang up and ran down to the little boat dock.

What! No boats! Where were they? Could the storm have taken them off? Again this sudden discovery nearly stunned him, but he made a great effort to think.

"What could he do for dad now? Why, swim ashore, of course. That was what he could do." He laughed aloud with the thought. It was so easy to do if one only knew what to do. Once two boys from St. Ives had swam out from Land's End to Longships. Then it was warm and the sea pleasant.

But what of that? To be sure, they had companions rowing along in a boat. What of that? That was nothing. He could do what they could do any day. He laughed again with feeble pride. Then, wild with the idea of bringing help to his father, he ran back to the door and shouted to the unconscious man,

"Dad, daddy! The boat's gone, but I'm goin' to swim ashore and fetch ye the doctor and the cutter men! I'm goin' ashore! But I'll come right back again—I'll be right back home!"

Poor little Sandy! Who shall say the unreasoning devotion of this poor witling was not sublime courage? Divesting himself of his heavier clothing he plunged bravely in.

At the time Sandy's fatal resolution was carried into effect the cutter's long boat with Captain Frear in it was pulling out for Longships. The good ship *Heleene* had anchored in the harbor at St. Ives, and, as fate would have it, little Sandy's dory had driven by the rocks and was lying high and dry upon the beach. But its sea-going days were over. It was told by Captain Frear and his crew that just before eight bells the light at Longships had mysteriously disappeared for forty minutes. Many were the speculations regarding it, and when the little dory was found, whispers of foul play or accident were freely exchanged. The relief boat was well under way but hidden by the promontory when the boy left the rocks.

Meantime he was making but indifferent headway. The wakeful, watchful night and unbroken fast had made great inroads upon his strength, which he felt to be growing less and less.

As his bodily powers fail his mind becomes clearer, more like what it might have been. He feels that he can hold out but little longer. With this realization comes the sudden fear of approaching death. For a moment his strength deserts him with this great fright. But it is not for himself.

"What will dad do for help now?" He goes a little way under water. There is a terrible rushing and roaring in his ears—a crushing weight upon his chest.

He struggles and reaches the surface again. As he comes up upon the crest of a great wave he sees dimly and far off a boat coming toward him. But he goes down into the trough again and forgets it. Then memories of other places and other things come over him. He is faintly conscious of the past and oblivious of the present. Once more he goes down. But amid all this weight and roaring and unearthly sound he feels the wind sweeping up off the moor near the old home. The damp west wind, heavy with odors of bracken and brown furze which the dew has distilled out into the air. Again he feels its soft fingers smooth his cheek. Again he sees the lights in the cottage window at the foot of Brown Gilly. Again he hears the kettle simmering upon the hearth, and smells the simmering of the evening meal above all the salt sea brine that is over and around him. Then up, up, up, once more. More light, more air, day again. He sees a small board floating near him—clutches at it, grasps it, buoys himself up by it, catches a fresh breath and gets his chin a little above the briny waves.

Then over the water he hears a voice, strange and far off. Captain Frear stands up in the prow of the boat and shouts,

"Don't let go, Sandy! Help is here!"

He gathers all his feeble strength, and with one last effort replies,

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The shrill, childish voice pierces above the roar of the great waves.

"Hold on!" the boatswain calls.

"Ay, ay—"

But the "sir" is lost, and slips down into silence with the boy.

Down, down, down for the last time. The odor of bracken and furze grows faint, fainter—is lost. The winds of memory die away. The picture of the dusky moor off which they swept rolls itself up into a final shadow. There is great light, great happiness, great freedom, great peace. And the lights in the cottage window at the foot of Brown Gilly are faded away forever.

The smugglers' den of which I write was broken up shortly after this storm, which is still remembered along the coast as the most severe known since 1703, when the old Eddystone Light-house with its inmates disappeared forever. But upon the wind-swept heights of Land's End, among whose crags the gulls nest and at whose base the surf beats, marking time with its tides and rocks with its waves, there are two graves marked only by a pile of stones. The smallest of the two has upon its topmost rock a rude carving representing a small boat with its tiny prow crushed and broken, and its poor fragments driven by a choppy sea, which is clumsily engraved upon the stone. That is little Sandy's grave. And the light-house keeper has been lying beside him these many years.

ON THE HEIGHT.

A dream of heat and labor,
Of climbing and holding one's breath
Up steep, black rocks in the desert:
The desert was grim as death.

Desperate toil that climbing,
Never daring a downward eye;
Beneath, a precipice deadly,
Above, the strong blue sky.

And when I reached the summit,
Where the air and sun were sweet,
A pool of living water
Lay in the rock at my feet.

And a man, dusk-faced, white-turbaned,
Said, "Traveler, this is the spring
That the prophet Elijah drank from
When he fled from the wrath of the king."

I think the dream has a moral:
Only the feet that have trod
Rude rock and wearying desert
Come at last to the waters of God.—*Selected.*

CONCERNING SWIMMING.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Part I.

EVERY school-boy knows the Latin adage that poets are born, not made, but perhaps it has not occurred to many that the case is exactly the opposite with swimmers, since they are made, not born. That is, human swimmers are, for strange to say the animals have much the better of their self-styled lords and masters upon this point, seeing that they all can swim without being taught. Suppose, for instance, that a goat, a pig, a mule, and a man chance to fall together into deep water for the first time in their several lives; while the three quadrupeds will, after a hasty glance at the situation, make a bee-line for the nearest dry land, the unhappy biped will splash and tum-

ble about in a frantic way that would be ludicrous if it were not so alarming, and, unless somebody hastens to his aid, will probably be going down for the last time just as his companions of the bath are safely shaking off the water on the shore.

Now I am very well aware that some wise men, more ardent than accurate in their anxiety to maintain man's supremacy over the beasts, have argued that swimming is really a matter of instinct, and that only the confusion and terror of the moment prevents the man from doing quite as well as the animals. But surely this is no mending of matters, for it necessarily implies that brutes have more presence of mind than boys, or men either, and since upon the whole the brutes are bound to have the best of the argument I think we had better let well-enough alone by confessing that none of us ever know how to swim until we have learned. The ancient Greeks knew all about this. When they wanted to make clear that somebody was a very ignorant or useless fellow, "not worth shucks," as Tom Sawyer would put it, they said of him that he could neither read nor swim—in other words, had not even the rudiments of intellectual or physical education.

But why is it that man has to laboriously learn the art of swimming when the animals take to it naturally? Perhaps the difference in their build has something to do with it. If quadrupeds get beyond their depth they have only to make the same motion with their feet that they do upon the land in order both to support and impel themselves in the water. They do not need to alter either the position of their bodies or the stroke of their legs. But it is quite the contrary with us. Instead of our normal upright position we must needs lie prone upon either back or belly, while our poor legs and arms have to perform gyrations which are never required of them in their ordinary experience.

Whether this theory be the whole explanation of the matter or not, it seems very certain that

> "True ease in swimming comes by *art*, not *chance*,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance;"

and having made up our minds upon this point, the next question is, At what age may so important an accomplishment be acquired?

If you will take my word for it, I would say that a good beginning may be made with the average boy at five or six years of age. "Tut! tut!" I can imagine some fond parent saying; "too early altogether. Youngsters of that age should not be allowed in any deeper water than a bath-tub can hold."

Well, here is a bit of my own experience which will serve better than any argument. When not quite seven years old I tumbled off the end of a wharf into very deep water, and although all that I then knew about swimming was gained from watching older boys at it, no one having ever given me a lesson, I brought myself to the surface no less than three times by well-directed efforts. The recollection of my frantic struggles is very vivid with me still. I can as I write see my hands gleaming white through the water which had overwhelmed me. Of course I could not save myself. The timely aid of a stalwart sailor who, diving deep, caught his toe beneath my chin, as all unconscious I drifted away to death, was necessary to effect my rescue. But the experience was worth the having, if only to prove how early boys may learn to swim.

One of the most pestilent errors in connection with teaching small boys to swim is that you have only to pitch them into deep water, and then stand by to make sure that they do not drown, in order to have them adepts at the art in a single season. This notion, of course, is founded upon the superstition that swimming is natural to humanity. Now there are at least half a dozen bad features about this practice, but it will be sufficient to mention two or three of them.

In the first place the shock to the nervous system of the boy thus treated, especially if the water is at all chilly, is enough to give him hydrophobia, or at all events "a mortal antipathy" to water for the rest of his days. In the second place, even though the youngster may be plucky enough to take not unkindly to this treatment, he begins by acquiring the worst possible style as his violent strugglings slowly develop into systematic motions, and then at a later day he has to learn that ease and grace which he might just as well have mastered at the outset. In the third place this method is attended with serious danger to both teacher and pupil, as the following incidents sufficiently show.

A good many years ago I undertook to make a swimmer of my youngest brother—as sturdy and fearless a pupil as instructor could wish. Selecting a sloping sandy beach where the water felt attractively warm, I put him in the bow of our boat, and pushed it off while I waded out after it until the water reached my shoulders. I then told him to jump in. Naturally enough he hesitated for a few moments, during which the boat slipped further away than I had intended. At last he jumped, but did it so awkwardly as to fall under the boat, which immediately closed over him. I at once sprang toward him, and then to my alarm discovered that the shore sloped off sharply just there, and that I too was out of my depth. The little fellow was somewhere under the boat, so down I dived for him, and fortunately caught his arm at the first attempt. But in his fright he struggled so hard that it was no easy job getting him ashore, and I felt immensely relieved when I had him high and dry at last, very much scared, and very full of salt water.

A friend of mine in trying the same plan had a much more serious time of it. He was uncautious enough to select a spot where there was no beach at all, only a steep bank with deep water at its very edge. He put his pupil (also a younger brother) in the boat, pushed it off, and treading water near shore ordered the boy to jump. Without a moment's hesitation the youngster obeyed, and of course disappeared. He came up all right, but immediately went down again. His big brother went after him, and no sooner did the frightened lad feel his touch than clasping his arms convulsively about his neck, and twining his legs around his waist he fastened upon him a grip like that of a polypus. It was a most perilous situation for both. The elder almost gave himself up for lost as he sank at first clear down to the bottom, but happily, being very powerful, he managed to loosen his brother's grasp, and, by a series of tremendous struggles, to make the shore before all breath and strength had left him. It was however a "close call."

Now, if these two incidents mean any thing at all, it surely is that the old-fashioned "sink or swim" method of teaching boys to be at home in the water has nothing to recommend it, and should be cast aside as a relic of barbarism.

It is the purpose of this paper to point out a better way—a way involving a little more trouble and absolutely no danger. The ancestral method of teaching to swim having failed us, and my young brother being very anxious to learn, I set my wits to work with the result of hitting upon the following plan. A long broad strong linen band was prepared at home, and this with half a dozen yards of small rope constituted the apparatus. We then betook ourselves to a convenient wharf. The linen band was arranged about the boy's shoulders in such a way as to prevent all possibility of slipping, and the rope so attached that it suspended his body in a slanting direction, thus insuring the best position for swimming. My pupil then committed himself to the water while I stood on the wharf above, rope in hand, taking good care that his head did not go under. Having no cause for nervousness he struck out vigorously at the very first, and I walked along helping him by an occasional tug on the rope. After a fortnight of this he had thoroughly mastered the principles of the art and could get along without any rope at all. So now I swam out some little distance from the shore, and made him come out to me, taking a rest upon my shoulders before returning. Thus step by step we went steadily on until the learner required no further instruction, and ere another season closed had the ingratitude and presumption to beat his teacher in a long distance swim.

WILD GEESE.

BY C. E. CLINE.

"GOOSE," in common parlance, is the synonym of silly or foolish; but the wild goose in his native haunts is the most wary of all birds, and difficult to capture.

In north-western Iowa and south-western Minnesota, where wild rice and celery grow in the lakes and sloughs, the wild geese come every spring in great numbers to raise their young. Here they begin to arrive early in March, preceding all other migratory birds to the north by about two weeks.

While the snow is yet a foot deep, long lines of these magnificent birds may be seen coming northward calling to each other with their coarse diapason notes *quounk, quounk, quounk,* making their way in most instances to the same lake where they built their nests and reared their young the summer before.

Soon after arrival they begin to mate, and by the first of May the nest is built, usually on a musk-rat house or in a tuft of grass, in which is laid from ten to twelve eggs. One egg is laid each day and carefully covered over with bits of dead grass till the complement is full.

On this nest the mother goose will sit not five yards away from the closest observer, with nothing to hide her from sight, and not be detected. At the approach of an enemy she stretches out her neck, flattens the wings and body in such a manner as to look exactly like the object on which she sits.

As soon as the goslings are hatched they take to rushes on the borders of the slough, where they usually escape their greatest enemies—foxes and wolves.

The male or gander is always near at hand, ready to give his life in defense of the family. A blow from the butt of the wing of a goose when defending her young will send the largest dog howling away with pain.

In August the young brood are able to fly with their parents to the neighboring wheat fields, where they eat greedily and soon become large and fat.

If the hunter can conceal himself in the rushes while they are away in the fields he may secure a good shot after sundown, as they return to the lake for the night.

I have hunted water-fowl from the Gulf of Mexico to the Red River of the North, and have had ample opportunity for studying them in every particular. It is almost impossible to crawl up to wild geese when feeding in an open field, as they never all feed at once. One of their number at least is always on guard, and a single *quounk* from him will bring every head high in the air to see what danger threatens them; and if things look at all uncertain they are off in a moment with great noise.

Not long since I saw a flock light in a distant field from which a crop of oats had just been harvested. Having my breech-loader, as is my custom, in the buggy, we drove in a circuitous route as near the flock as we thought it safe to venture, when I got out, directing my son to drive round on high ground at a distance sufficient to attract their attention, while I crawled through the grass to the edge of the stubble, from which point I hoped to reach them with a charge of shot.

For more than two hundred yards I crept noiselessly as a cat till within a few rods of the desired spot. The geese, of which there were five, had not seen me and were not alarmed; so I breathed freely. Another short distance of crawling like a snake, and judging the distance to be seventy yards I could stand the strain no longer.

I raised up on my knees, when slowly and majestically they all raised their heads and looked for a moment full at me. I had the advantage, and they were evidently puzzled on discovering that I had got so near. I pressed the trigger, when two of them quickly flopped over, and as the others rose on wing a third one tumbled to the ground at the report of the second barrel. I could not swing my hat over this success, for that had been left behind in the grass; so I ran and began to gather up the geese, when to my great surprise one of them gathered himself up and flew away. I had brought from the buggy no extra charges, and could only stand and see him go.

I was, however, well satisfied, and invitations were issued next day to eat roast goose.

Sometimes the goslings are caught while very young and reared in the barn-yard, becoming very tame; these may be tied by one foot to a stake near a field or lake as decoys. In this way, if the hunter is perfectly concealed, large flocks may be drawn down within range of the gun.

Another method of stalking them is to drive a yoke of oxen obliquely, the hunter taking great care to keep himself behind the oxen till near enough to shoot.

There seems to be no diminution of wild geese in their native home, which is proof of their sagacity and ability to take care of themselves.

PROVERBS IN TWO LANGUAGES.

THE human race is about the same every-where, and we frequently find the wise witty sayings of our own authors expressed in much the same way in the writings of other nations and remote times. A writer in "Chambers's Journal" has collected the French equivalents of several of the most familiar English saws. Not all of these quoted sayings are in use in America, but most of them will be readily recognized:

We English seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our "As dumb as a mouse;" the French have preferred a glass, for they say "As dumb as a glass." We say "As deaf as a post;" the French, "As deaf as a pot." "As dull as ditch water" Gallicized becomes "As sad as a night-cap." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" is changed into "Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it." Instead of "Biting off one's nose to spite one's face," a similarly useless experiment is illustrated by "Spitting in the air that it may fall on one's nose." The self-evident impossibility in the words "You can't get blood out of a stone" is represented by "One could not comb a thing that has no hair." (This last also "goes without saying," which, as literally translated from the French, now forms a proverb in our own language.) In the proverb, "One man may lead a horse to the water, but a hundred can't make him drink," our neighbors have not inappropriately selected an "ass" as the illustrative animal. "When you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does," every Englishman will tell you; though few perhaps could say why Rome was chosen as an example, and whether it is more necessary, when in Rome, to follow the general lead, than in anywhere else, is to us a matter of doubt. To the Frenchman the idea is sufficiently well expressed, however, by impressing upon you the necessity of "Howling with the wolves." "Easy come, easy go," though terse and to the point, is in itself scarcely so intelligible as the somewhat longer sentence, "That which comes with the flood returns with the ebb." That "A burned child dreads the fire" is perfectly true, as every one will admit; our neighbors go further than this, and, in choosing a "scalded cat" as the object of consideration, speak of it as being in fear of "cold" water even, thus expressing the natural distrust of the cat, after having once been scalded, as extending even to "cold" water. "Money makes the mare to go," and "For money dogs dance."

CADET GORDON.

"CHINESE GORDON," the British officer who lost his life at the fall of Khartoum eighteen months ago, has been honored as the highest example of the Christian soldier. Two anecdotes from a recent book of memoirs by his brother give a somewhat amusing picture of his experiences as a cadet:

Charles Gordon entered the Royal Military Academy, and he remained there until June 23, 1852. Although painstaking and a first-rate surveyor and proficient in fortification, yet he was not at that time much of a mathematician, which delayed his progress. After he had been some time at the academy and was covered with good conduct badges, an occasion arose when it became necessary to restrain the cadets when leaving the dining-hall, the approach to which was by a narrow staircase. At the top of this staircase stood the senior corporal with outstretched arms, facing the body of cadets. This was too much for Charlie Gordon (as he was always called by his friends), who, putting his head down, butted with it and, catching the officer in the pit of his stomach, not only sent him down the stairs but through the glass door beyond. The officer jumped up unhurt, and Charlie Gordon was placed in confinement and nearly dismissed. He was, however, allowed to remain, though deprived of all his honors, and the captain of the cadet company predicted that he would never make an officer. Upon another occasion, when he was near his commission, a great deal of bullying was going on, and in order to repress it a number of the last comers were questioned, when one of them said that Charlie Gordon had on

one occasion hit him over the head with a clothes-brush. The lad admitted it was not a severe blow; nevertheless Charlie Gordon was for this slight offense put back six months for his commission, which turned out well in the end, since it secured for him a second lieutenancy in the royal engineers in place of the royal artillery.

TWO PRETENDERS.

One of the blessings of our form of government is its freedom from "pretenders," that uncomfortable tribe of which Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck are the best known representatives. An occasional claimant to the presidential chair is locked up as a lunatic; but in a monarchy such men are dangerous. Spain is obliged to overthrow a Don Carlos at least once in a generation, and Republican France is troubled by the presence of two families of claimants to her disused throne. The "Pall Mall Gazette" announces the appearance of a new pretender to the Danish crown:

Two men, father and son, the former sixty, the latter twenty-one, years old, have recently arrived in Copenhagen with a trunk loaded with papers and documents to prove that they are the direct descendants of the house of Oldenburg, and to show that if at the death of Frederick VII. they had possessed these documents they could have proved their exclusive right to the throne. They both bear the original name of the house of Glücksburg, Beck, and went the day after their arrival to the master of ceremonies to seek an audience with the king. They were directed to seek it through the German embassador, being German subjects. The embassy, after some parley, did not act, and the pretenders tried themselves to obtain an audience to suggest that their claims—which are attested by the highest German authorities—may be subjected to a thorough scrutiny. To begin with, they can claim an inheritance of 2,500,000 marks with which to carry on the case. They then applied to the Stettin authorities for a recommendation to the German Council of the Legation.

Neither of the two men looks as an adventurer. The older is tall and slender, with an aristocratic bearing and youthful and winning manners. His features are in an amazing degree like those of the late Russian Czar, so much so that any one who has seen the czar's picture is struck with the resemblance. The older of the two gentlemen has passed the greater part of his time in researches among the archives and collections in Copenhagen. Whole nights he studied his family history, but he always was stopped at a vanished child. After fifteen years of labor he has to his full satisfaction proved that he is grandson's grandson of this vanished child. Besides, he has in his possession armorial and other precious things to strengthen his claims. The young Beck bears a strong resemblance to Prince Waldemar, and his acquaintance with the affairs of the House of Oldenburg is said to be most astonishing.

CHINESE OATHS.

It is difficult to make the judicial oath binding upon witnesses who have every reason to respect its sanctity. But with the pagan Chinese the difficulty is even more serious. The "San Francisco Bulletin" contains a curious item regarding Chinese oaths:

The prosecution called as a preliminary witness Louis Fong Sing, who for many years was a court interpreter in Australia. He was sworn as an expert as to the oaths held most sacred by the Chinese, and he explained at some length. He first mentioned the decapitation of a chicken by the witness, the beheading being accompanied by the remark, "If I do not tell the truth may my head fall as this fowl's," and added that an effective form had been found in Australia. He then came to the Australian form of oath for Chinamen, and, by order of the court, this form and the customary American form were used, in the hope of getting witnesses to tell the truth. Yellow squares of paper, about nine inches square, were produced by Louis Fong Sing, which bore Chinese characters, of which the following is a free translation:

PETITION TO IMPERIAL HEAVEN.

This is to call the spirits, both good and evil, to descend and watch over the trial of Wong Ah Foo, who is charged with murdering Loi Ah Gow. If I swear falsely and tell one untruth, or do not make a statement according to the facts of the case, I humbly beg the celestial and terrestrial spirits to redress the wrong done to Loi Ah Gow, and to punish me immediately for having been a false witness, to arrest my soul in its flight, to make me perish by the sword, or cause me to die while on the sea and before I reach one half the distance to China. This is the true and solemn oath, uttered by my own lips, and signed by me this —— day of the second month in the eleventh year of Quong Sui, and in proof of the earnest of my assertion, may my soul be destroyed as I destroy this paper by fire.

The witness read this through, and then with a match burned the paper. When the last shred was burned he salaamed three times, and was then considered fit to testify to any thing.

O. K.

Not many Indian words survive in our speech. Tammany and the mugwump are almost solitary adoptions from the Algonquin dialects. A writer in the "Magazine of American History" declares that the expression O. K. comes to us from the Choctaw:

In the language of the Choctaw Indians, one of the most frequently recurring expressions is the emphatic *oké*, with which an affirmation or denial is concluded. *Oké*, as pronounced in Choctaw, has exactly the same sound as the alphabetic pronunciation of the letters O. K. in English. The meaning of the expression, as nearly as it can be conveyed in English, is: "That is true; that is all so." A few examples, out of many that might be cited, will illustrate this. "The Choctaw Indian is a good fellow" is expressed thus: "*Hattak api huma Chahta achukmah oké*," in which *hattak huma api* means "Indian" (literally, man-body-red), *achukmah* means "good," and *oké* is the copulative expression, "It is so." In Rev. Cyrus Byington's Choctaw New Testament the first sentence of Matt. 5. 13, "Ye are the salt of the earth," is, "*gakni in huppi huchchia hoké*," literally, "The earth its salt ye; that is so."

To Gen. Andrew Jackson is attributed the introduction of the Choctaw word in our speech. Before the war of 1812, in voyages up and down the Mississippi and in trading expeditions overland from Nashville, Tenn., to Natchez, Miss., through the Choctaw Nation, he was brought into frequent communication with the Choctaws. Gen. Jackson, as every body knows, was prone to the use of downright and energetic methods of assertion. Hearing the emphatic *oké* so frequently uttered by the Choctaw people, he learned the meaning conveyed by it to the Choctaw mind and appropriated it, out of hand, to his own purposes. From him it passed over to the multitude. This account of the origin of O. K. has been current in the South for many years. If not true, it is, to say the least, a happy invention.

No one who has ever read an autograph letter of Gen. Jackson's will easily credit the story that he was in the habit, when he was President of the United States, of indorsing applications for office with the letters O. K., under the belief that these were the proper initials for "all correct." Jackson was no scholar, but he was not so grossly ignorant of English orthography as to fall into a blunder of that sort. He may have indorsed documents with the letters O. K. as a jocular symbol of his favorite Choctaw expression. The story that these letters were seriously intended by him as an abbreviation of "oll korrect" was probably, as Mr. George Bancroft suggests, an *a posteriori* invention of the enemy—to wit, the Whigs—during the hot political contests in the days of the roaring '40's.

HENRY FAWCETT.

"Pity the poor blind man" is an appeal which is not easily denied, so terrible is the loss of sight. But here was an ambitious, sensitive Englishman who became totally blind when he was twenty-five years old. He never lost his cheerfulness, and his courage and energy never failed him. At the age of twenty-one he had written thus to a friend:

I started life as a boy with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. Every effort, every endeavor which I have ever put forth has had this object in view. I have continually tried, and shall, I trust, still try not only honorably to gratify my desire, but to fit myself for such an important trust. And now the realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one—the mental degradation of millions.

In his thirtieth year Henry Fawcett was chosen Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. After three unsuccessful attempts he was elected to Parliament in 1865, where he distinguished himself by his zeal in social and educational reforms. When Mr. Gladstone recognized his ability and made him Postmaster-General of the empire, Fawcett announced his appointment in this simple letter:

My dear Father and Mother: You will, I know, all be delighted to hear that last night I received a most kind letter from Gladstone offering me the Postmaster-Generalship. It is the office which Lord Hartington held when Gladstone was last in power. I shall be a Privy Councilor, but shall not have a seat in the cabinet. I believe there was some difficulty raised about my having to confide cabinet secrets; this objection, I think, time will remove. I did not telegraph to you the appointment at first because Gladstone did not wish it to be known until it was formally confirmed by the Queen; but he told me in my interview with him this morning that he was quite sure that the Queen took a kindly interest in my appointment.

If life awake and will never cease
  On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
  Shall bloom there for evermore—
Let the world go round and round,
  And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
  O, what will it matter to me?—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

MATT TORDYKE is a well-known character in the little village of Macon among the mountains. His neighbors know him and are free to express themselves about him. It is a good thing to have one's neighbors willing to talk about a boy when they have some good thing to say of him. Boys may suppose that they are too small or too insignificant to be noticed or discussed, but we find that even boys have a reputation among those who have watched them from babyhood, and that although a young fellow may be of humble origin and occupy but a small space in the little corner of the world he lives in, people do keep their eyes on him, look in him for the qualities they have observed in his parents, and express their opinions freely about his prospects, his failings, and his follies. No boy can get wholly out of sight in the town he lives in. Even Matt Tordyke has a reputation in Macon.

WE picked up a lesson from Matt's reputation: a lesson for which we are not indebted to any wisdom or grace of his own; a lesson which our readers may be glad to hear; and which we trust they will ponder and profit by, for what avails a lesson heard if it be not also a lesson heeded? It might better never have been given. Seed must have soil to receive it. The possible buds, blossoms, and fruit which hide away in a tiny seed can never come into the light of day, nor give pleasure to the palate, nor health to the blood, unless the earth takes it in hand, opens it out, and gives air, moisture, and sunshine a chance to set its forces at work. Light must have eyes to receive it. A rope let down over a precipice to lift one up must find a hand to grasp it, otherwise seed, light, and rope are without value. Therefore let our readers be ready to set their hearts on the lesson we gather from the life of Matt Tordyke, of Macon.

HIS case is not an unusual one except in the degree to which his fault has taken possession of him. Hosts of boys and girls are troubled with the infirmity which has made Matt a laughing-stock in Macon. But he has it in its worst form. We know many young folks who remind us of Matt. They ought to be ashamed of themselves, as we fancy he is once in a while ashamed of himself. It may be only a fancy, but we certainly thought that there was a faint blush-tint on his face as he recited to us the other day his tale of failure and disappointment. Inquiry among his neighbors revealed the fact we have already indicated that Matt had a reputation, and that he well deserves the name his family and associates have given him, for although his name is Matthew Tordyke, that is not what people call him in Macon. Names have a great deal of meaning, and when plain, every-day, common-sense folks give a person a nickname you may be sure that there is a reason somewhere in the boy's or girl's life and character to justify it. What do you think people called Mr. Matthew Tordyke?

WHEN we see a vacant place at the breakfast-table after the bell has rung and the "blessing" has been asked we think of Mr. Matthew Tordyke. Sometimes we see a reminder of him just as the school-yard gate closes at nine o'clock and one minute in the morning. Sometimes we think of him as a rushing, panting, red-faced passenger comes into the railway station just as the train is going out. We say to ourselves, "There comes M. T." Every body in Macon called Tordyke, "Matt Tardy." He was famous for being behind time. A wag one day called him "the late Mr. Tardy." His bad habit had become chronic. He was the *latest* fellow we ever knew—and he was a nuisance to his friends. Matt was late at breakfast, late at prayers, late at school, late at church, late at the shop, late at the depot, and, strange to say, he was often late at play. His father said that Matt was born late. His doctor said he would die late. The school-master said that Matt was too late to be a scholar. His first employer said that he was too late to be a store-keeper. His second employer said that he was too late to make a farmer; the third that he was too late to make a carpenter; and the fourth that he was too late to make a blacksmith. They do say that the girl he once thought of marrying, and to whom he was engaged, gave him up because she said "he was too late for any thing." So Matt Tardy lives in Macon, a lazy, slow-going, never-ready-in-time, always-behind-hand fellow; a laughing-stock for boys and girls, for men and women, for people who live in Macon and for people who visit Macon. Every body knows—"Matt Tardy."

THIS caricature is not entirely a work of the imagination. Many a youth loses place and prospects and the respect of others by the careless procrastinating habit we would in this sketch hold up to censure and contempt. Lost time is waste of money. You have no right to waste what belongs to others. Lost time is waste of opportunity. The half-hour gone through your habit of procrastination is gone forever. Though others may not lose, you lose. The secret of tardiness is to be found in the region of the will. A limp will accounts for the most of it. He is a wise boy who resolves to do every thing on time. He is tempted to wait, but he puts forth a strong purpose and acts. He shakes off sloth and tramples on it. He smites self-indulgence between the eyes and walks over it. He takes himself in hand and masters himself. A little fellow in New Hampshire who was given to whispering and laughing in school came home one afternoon and said to his mother, "My ears are hot and sore." "What makes them so?" asked his mother. "Well," said the little captain, "I slapped my ears all the way into school this morning as hard as I could. I wanted to be quiet in school. I was determined to see who was boss—me or myself. So I behaved myself well all day." There is a bit of true philosophy in the West Lebanon boy's self-treatment and self-government. Young friends, summon your will-power. Be positive. Be resolute. Be prompt. Be punctual. Don't let "Matt Tardy's" fault hold you in bondage. Be on time at all times, for all time.

WILL the English language become universal? The question is decided in the affirmative by Candolle, a Geneva scientist, who reasons from the rapid spread of English-speaking people throughout the world, and their almost invariable retention of their native tongue.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for July 4, 1886. JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.—John 9. 1–17.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 9. 25.

PREFATORY. Jesus is in Jerusalem. He performs a miracle. In the work wrought on the body of a man are spiritual intimations and instructions worth more than the miracle itself.

INTERROGATORY. What persons are named in the first verse of this lesson? State the question of the second verse. Repeat the answer of the third verse. Commit and repeat the statement of verses four and five. Why did Jesus make use of the clay? What facts are reported in verse seven? Repeat in your own language the conversation of verses 8–12. Give the conversation between the Pharisees and the man, verses 13–15. What absurd argument in verse 16? Repeat the testimony of the man himself in verse 17.

HOMILY. Because evil and uncomfortable results follow the commission of sin, the idea prevails that all discomfort is a result of sin. Indirectly it may be so. The blind man of Jerusalem was regarded by the people as suffering from the consequences of sin—of his parents' sin. While it is true that sin does bring sore and terrible consequences, it is not always the case that limitation and sorrow are immediately caused by it. Jesus said, for example, "Neither this man nor his parents," but that he might afford an opportunity for the display to man of the divine power, wisdom, and grace. He was an object-lesson of the mercy and healing energy of Jesus Christ. He exhibited to the outward world two great truths pertaining to the spiritual; first, that all things are under a divine Providence who causes many afflictions of life for the sake of setting forth his character and purposes; second, that a man blind to spiritual truth may have his eyes opened to perceive, appreciate, and enjoy it. Most men are blind. It seems that at some time in their lives all men are blind to divine realities. They do not see God. They do not see Christ. They do not see eternity. The contents of the Bible are as fables or poems. There is power in Jesus Christ to touch the spirits of men and cause them to see. When this work is wrought in a man, he begins to feel the power of the world eternal—even now. He sees by this inward feeling that there is a God; that he himself is a sinner; that Jesus Christ is a Saviour; that the soul is immortal; that the law of God is a veritable expression against sin; that there is a heaven and that there is a hell; and that there is only one way of being brought to the one and saved from the other. All these things may have been known to him before, with his intellect, but it was all dead knowledge. It did not warn him. It did not comfort him. Jesus anointed the eyes of a man and he saw. So Jesus to-day by his Spirit anoints the spiritual eyes of men and they see. It was a great thing for a blind man to have this opening-up to him of the world physical. He saw the sparkling waters of the Pool of Siloam. Turning, he saw the Mount of Olivet. On the other hand he saw the glorious Temple. Far above he saw the blue sky of Syria. And, more glorious than all, he saw the Christ who had wrought this wonderful work for him. Much greater, more wonderful and blessed, is that act of anointing by which a human soul comes to see spiritual things.

The blind man brought to sight was unable to explain how the work was wrought. He simply knew the fact that a man who is called Jesus did a certain thing to him, and commanded him to do a certain thing himself, and, as a result, he saw. It was a simple story. It was all the man knew. He told what he knew. And when put to the test, he claimed that he who wrought the work must be a prophet.

The meanness of men is brought out forcibly by the attempt made by these Pharisees, in the face of unanswerable evidence, to reject the author of this wonderful and divine work. They tried to convict him of a violation of the Sabbath-day law. Such a picture of narrowness, bigotry, and injustice one can rarely find in history. It shows how small the heart of a prejudiced man may be, and to what expedients he will resort for the sake of escaping truth.

See the diligence of the Christ. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." He went about doing good. His life was filled with good works—good in his motive and good in the objects in behalf of which he wrought.

Christianity is to-day the worker of wonders on the souls of men; opening blind eyes, giving to the hearts of men freedom and peace and power. Not a week passes in these days but that a greater work is wrought in some human breast by Jesus of Nazareth than when he gave sight to the blind man at Siloam. Those who have been guilty and found in Christ full pardon; who have been blind to spiritual things and now see as in open day the truths of God's word; who have been in bondage and are now free; who have been despairing and are now full of hope.

PRAYER. O Thou who didst at the beginning command light to be, and who didst through Thy Son give sight to the blind, pour upon our hearts the radiance of Thy love, and cause us to see the realities of Thy kingdom! May we be diligent—working Thy works while it is day; and may we always give testimony to Thy grace and power, through whom alone we have sight and strength and peace! Amen.

Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.—*Alice Cary.*

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 4.—Industrial education in our public schools is a very popular cry in many quarters just at present. The tendency of Americans is to depreciate any thing which has not a directly practical value, and to exalt whatever is purely utilitarian.

This public sentiment, if it advances at its present rapid rate, will end in teaching mere infants to rock their cradles, and by simple mechanical appliances to do work of some kind before they can walk.

This industrial movement is in a line with this idea. Let us avoid the mere utilitarian view, and aim at high intellectual attainment. Let the scholars get as broad a view of the vast world of knowledge as possible, without being trained from childhood to the one idea of work. It will be better for all if the children of the United States, regarding manual labor as both honorable and commendable, for a few years at least give their undivided attention to the study of language, literature, mathematics, and science. GEORGE C.

No. 5.—A writer on the other side of this debate said that it was a good thing for the poor child to work at the same bench with the rich. Each got a different idea of labor, etc. Now it seems to me that it is a great deal better for both children to ignore the purely practical side of life, and to walk hand in hand along the highways of knowledge. Under such circumstances they forget the distinctions which the work-bench is only too likely to suggest, and meet on a common level of mental rivalry. Let all public-school children study political science, physics, engineering if you will, but leave the practical application of this knowledge to the later years.

There is so much to teach and the time for instruction so short that it seems unwise to anticipate the future by introducing into the school curriculum the work which all must become acquainted with. The theory is the only wise form of scientific study. The practice comes later in the industrial school, which, as distinct from the public school, has an important place among our educational institutions. K. L. D.

No. 6.—Parents and teachers unite in telling us that under the present system children fail to secure the best results in their school training, for the reason that they are driven too hard, and are expected to master such a variety of subjects. If this is the case—and a great mass of testimony can be brought forward to affirm it—it would be folly to add even manual training to a list of studies already fatally long. A better plan is to give all a common school training, reserving for an easily selected few a later and more complete course in a technical school.
J. N. P.

THE SAILOR'S TEST.

THE sailor is, as a rule, a simple-hearted man. Most of his time is spent at sea, away from the din and corruption of the world. He is all the more easily led into temptation on this account, but he still preserves much of the child's character. He is familiar with the forces of nature; the storm rages about him, and brings him face to face with death and nature's God. The sailor draws many parallels and figures from his every-day experiences, and applies them to his spiritual life. The following selected passage suggests a beautiful thought:

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that, going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray.

"Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and upon praying I find that down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in his salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys: Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest before you are aware you may be upon the rocks."

IN eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to an humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—*Dr. Cumming.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

A Service of the Creeds.*—*Continued.*

[For the Congregation, the "Assembly," or for meetings of "The Oxford League."]

C. **I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sins. This is justification.**

P. Be it known unto you therefore, men *and* brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins:

C. And by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

P. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

C. **I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sins are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. This is regeneration.**

P. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

C. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

P. Be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.

C. **I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. This is adoption.**

P. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, *even* to them that believe on his name.

C. **I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. This is the witness of the Spirit.**

P. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.

C. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.

P. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

Sing. *H. M.*

Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

C. **I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. This is entire sanctification.**

P. *Let* love be without dissimulation.

C. In honor preferring one another.

P. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love *is* the fulfilling of the law.

C. Let us not therefore judge one another any more.

P. Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

C. Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

P. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

C. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

Sing. *C. M.*

Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

C. **I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. This is the true final perseverance.**

P. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Sing. *S. M.*

Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

P. Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid;

C. Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name through Jesus Christ our Lord.

P. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

C. Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. *Amen.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

ADDRESS by the Pastor.

SINGING.

THE YOUTH'S HYMN.*

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come!

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Farningham.

* This service is published in large type in tract form (size of Magazine Series). It is No. 2 of the "Oxford League Service Series." Price, at the rate of 15 pages for 1 cent.

* The Rev. Morlais Jones "wished he could write expressly for the boys another version of Charlotte Elliott's hymn 'Just as I Am,' full of bright dreams and happy anticipations."—*Vide Christian World, Oct.* 16.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Harvest at the prairie farm. The winter passed away a little slowly to be sure, but it was gone at last, and the wheat began to wave a green welcome to the spring. There was plenty to keep the Benlys busy. More land must be broken, and spring wheat planted. Fences were to be built, and the boys did a good deal of tree-felling and rail-splitting, which was not as "unproductive" as their former attempt to build the aqueduct.

The great event of the season was the arrival of the new harvester, a reaper and binder combined. This handsome machine drawn through a wheat-field would reach its long knife-arm out under the tall grain and quickly cause it to fall onto the canvass elevator. This elevator would carry the wheat to the binder. Two crooked arms of iron divided off the grain into bundles, passed a length of wire about them, twisted the ends and threw the sheaves into a wagon which closely accompanied the binder. The whole family admired this wonderful machine, glittering with bright colors, and were eager for the day when like an old Saxon war chariot it should mow its way through the serried ranks of ripe grain.

At last the harvest time came. The horses were harnessed to the harvester, and it was drawn to the wheat field. Mr. Benly drove the harvester, while Joe and the boys followed with the wagon ready to receive the sheaves, and stow them away. It was several days before the wheat was all cut and piled in a great stack near the corral.

The next thing was to thresh the wheat in preparation for the market. A threshing machine is expensive, and Mr. Benly did not feel able to purchase both reaper and thresher the same season. So a man who lived fifteen miles away was invited to come with his machinery and thresh "on shares." One afternoon Mr. Hartly appeared with his bulky thresher, and the next morning bright and early the bustle began. All the horses and mules were harnessed to the long arms of the motor which supplied power to the thresher. The boys took turns driving the animals round and round the limited circle. The driver stood on a little platform in the middle of the ring and with a long whip kept the horses and the mules at their monotonous work. As Joe Astley quaintly expressed it, "It 'peared like a cross 'tween a circus and a funeral." Mr. Hartly, with a sponge tied under his nose to avoid breathing the dust, fed the grain into one end of the thresher, as Joe tossed the sheaves up to him. Mr. Benly received the grain below in bags. The straw was thrown out in a great heap at the farther end of the machine.

Three days the work went on, and by that time the novelty had so far worn off that all were more than glad when Mr. Hartly started off with his thresher and his share of the wheat.

Then followed days of "teaming." The three wagons started off every other day laden with the bags of wheat. The roads were in good condition, and the work of transportation was not attended with many difficulties.

One day Mr. Benly came back from Belleview City with a letter which contained a draft from an elevator company in Chicago. The production of that wheat was complete, and the producer had its price in his pocket.

Capital.

We take up now a most important subject—Capital. A prominent writer on political economy declares that if the student once thoroughly understands the nature and relations of capital he has more than half mastered the subject of economics.

There is one fallacy which should be avoided; that is, *that capital is money*. Capital *may be* money, money *may be* capital. But it is utterly wrong to identify the two things. *Money* we shall consider later on. It is sufficient to say here that *money represents* any thing for which it may be exchanged. Mr. Benly laid aside a certain sum of money for the reaper. To him that money meant a reaper, and in that case the money was capital, because the reaper was capital. If the money had been intended for luxuries and comforts it would not have been capital.

Let us see now what definition we can make for capital. In the first place *it is the result of saving*. Mr. Benly had worked hard for years, and laid aside little by little. The accumulations of machinery, etc., he had turned into money, which represented these things, until again it was converted into wagons, agricultural implements, etc.

From the nature of Mr. Benly's capital we learn one thing. It all tended toward the production of wheat and other grains.

Capital, *then, may be defined as that portion of wealth which is laid aside to assist in future production.*

Mr. Hartly was a capitalist. His thresher was capital. He produced wheat from the ripe grain. He had saved money and bought the machine, which was the result of saving. This machine brought him gain. It was wealth (he could exchange it), but he kept it to help him make something. The money was "laid aside to assist in future production."

Mr. Benly did not sell all his wheat. Some he saved for seed. This portion was capital. Some he had ground into flour to support his family through the year. This was capital. Every scrap of property on that farm which could be used in producing any thing in the future was capital.

A prominent professor tells of a monkey who had great difficulty in cracking nuts which were given him. At last he discovered that he could break them with a large stone which he found just outside his cage. He would hide the stone away under the straw in his quarters, and when he found a hard nut he brought out the stone to help him. This stone was the monkey's capital.

Capital is a most important factor in production. Capital supports labor during the processes of production. The differences which arise between those who provide labor and those who furnish capital are as to the share in the result of production which each class shall receive. This we shall discuss under *Distribution*.

The moral of all this is: *Get capital, save every penny. Do not be penurious, but be economical.* There are no geese which lay golden eggs nowadays. Capital is the source of wealth. Every laborer may be a capitalist.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

All boys are fond of reading about western life, and many long for a chance to mount a fiery little "broncho," and strike across country with a train of pack-mules which must be protected from the attacks of thievish Indians. They dream of camps by little rivers, of dashes over the prairie, of stampedes, and of clicking revolvers. This is an ideal life—in books. Of the dangers, discomforts, and hardships of cowboy existence we shall have occasion to speak at some future time; but now we are going to describe, for the benefit of eastern boys (and we include all east of Omaha), a very pleasant and peaceful substitute for this far western style of camp-life.

Few boys own "bronchos," though many possess bicycles. Bicycles are better than bronchos in several respects. They may give one a header now and then, but they never "buck," they do not wander away over four or five counties during the night, they do not swell themselves with grass until the saddle-girth barely reaches around them, and then shrink all day while the rider is in constant terror lest the saddle turn under him. A bicycle is usually beautiful; a broncho, never. Why, then, should not eastern boys use the bicycle for a broncho, and go on regular camping out trips through the country?

The plan is a feasible one, and must prove attractive to young fellows fond of riding, roughing it, and a little excitement. To be sure, there are no Indians, and it takes a vivid imagination to make the ordinary tramp a very fierce or wicked person, but what of that? There are fast runs to be made of 40, 50, or 60 miles a day, towns to be visited, meals cooked, and tents pitched.

"But," some one says, "how are you going to carry all these things?"

There is little or no difficulty in carrying all that is necessary for a week's trip. Of course, most of the provisions must be bought each day at a town nearest camp, but the tents, blankets, and simple cooking utensils may be stowed away on the bicycles snugly and safely.

First, as to tents. It is better for each rider to have a tent of his own. The tent should be a thin, firm piece of muslin, oiled a little to make it thoroughly water-proof. The bicycle is made to serve as a ridge-pole in this way. A pole six feet long is fastened, with two little straps, firmly to the head and spring of the bicycle. The cloth is thrown over the pole, and stretched out on each side and staked to the ground. There are holes cut for the handle-bars, but with the exception of these the bicycle itself is completely protected from dew or rain, as well as the rider rolled up in his blanket on the ground.

The tent may be stowed by folding it, rolling it up tightly, and strapping it along the handle-bar with the small straps mentioned above. The blanket is stowed away on the back-bone, iron clamps with little arms keeping it from sliding around and interfering with the wheel.

The cooking apparatus must be limited. Each man should provide himself with a small pocket spirit-stove. With this he can prepare tea and coffee. A folding gridiron will serve all the purposes of broiling steak, ham, etc. Knives, forks, and spoons, telescope tin cups, and other useful articles may be distributed among the *multum in parvo* bags hanging behind the saddles. Bicycles thus fitted out for a long journey look, to be sure, as if they had sore throats and broken limbs in bandages, but they will run easily, and on a good road tire out any broncho that ever played his ugly tricks on suffering humanity.

We hope some of our readers will try this sort of summer excursion, and let us know how it turns out. Write Our Youth a letter from your first camp, and we shall be glad to let the others know what a good time you are having.

Base-Ball Etiquette.

We have spoken approvingly of base-ball, and we advise our readers to play the game, but we wish to give one or two hints about behavior on the base-ball field.

The Blue Stockings, of Newtown, challenge the Alerts, of Weston, to a match game of ball on Saturday afternoon. Preliminary practice over, the umpire is selected, and the game called. Jim Donaldson, of the Blue Stockings, goes to the bat, and makes a hit to short-stop. "Run for it, Jim!" shout all the Blue Stockings. "Put it to first!" chorus the Alerts.

The short-stop, made nervous by the shouting, fumbles the ball, and Jimmy gets his base, while the unfortunate player is roundly abused by his comrades.

Next Jimmy tries to steal second base, and his side howl, "Slide, slide, Jimmy!"

The catcher of the Alerts gets the ball to second just in time and by a very close play. The umpire decides that Jimmy is "out," whereupon the Blue Stockings mutiny and "wont play" until a good deal of valuable breath has been expended, the Newtown sympathizers meantime hissing the umpire loudly.

So the match goes on, a riot rather than a game, both sides yelling, hissing, and squabbling.

We have made an extreme case, no doubt, but it gives us an opportunity to point out one or two morals.

Let the captain or his appointee do all the vocal work. It is better for the nine's reputation as ball players and as gentlemen.

Never abuse the umpire. After stating the case, accept his decision calmly and go on with the game. It is better to lose the game than your temper. Never hiss any body or any thing for any reason. A gentleman never hisses.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

The frowsy anarchists have learned some new things about American freedom this year. "Free speech" doesn't mean freedom to counsel pillage and murder even in "the land of the free." John Most told his jury that he had served in two Parliaments in Europe. He will serve his adopted county on "the island" for the present.

One just and successful strike turned the heads of the New York street-car employees. Now they "tie up" for trifles, injuring their own cause.

Little Alfonso of Spain is in a fair way to be killed with kindness. Only a month old, he already has a palace of his own with a full retinue of servants. His arrival deposed his five-year-old sister from a queen to a princess, but the little girl is as proud of her king as is any Yankee maiden of her republican brother.

The little Spanish king has begun to rule—his nurse.

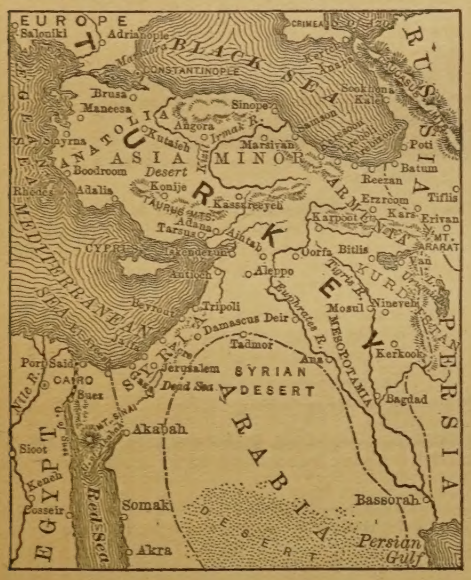
They use captive balloons in London for advertising purposes. The courts have decided that a balloon in floating over commits trespass and its owner is liable for damages.

I came in the morning,—it was spring,
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon,—it was summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even,—it was autumn,
And I was sad;
I lay me down at night,—it was winter,
And I slept.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Turkey.

(Area, Europe, 123,100 sq. miles; Asia, 729,170 sq. miles; Africa, 1,550,000 sq. miles; total, 2,402,270 sq. miles. Population, Europe, 8,650,000; Asia, 16,173,000; Africa, 17,400,000. Ruler, Sultan Adbul-Hamid II.)



TURKEY, or the Ottoman Empire, rules directly Asiatic Turkey, Tripoli in Africa, and about sixty thousand miles of Turkey in Europe. The remaining provinces, Egypt, Bulgaria, Bosnia, etc., have but slight connection with the Constantinople government. Mohammedanism is the national faith, and the Church and State are closely related. The Koran furnishes the code of law as well as of morals; none but believers in the prophet may serve in the army, Christians being subject to a tax instead of service. The Sultan's authority is absolute except as it is guided by the Koran and the decrees of early sovereigns of his line.

Agriculture is the main employment, and the peasants are kept poor by heavy war taxes. The principal exports are grain, cotton, wool, goats' hair, oil, and fruits, both dried and fresh.

Constantinople, one of the most important cities in the world, is the capital, and contains 600,000 inhabitants. Smyrna and Damascus are large commercial centers. Other important cities are Aleppo, Salonica, Adrianople, Beyroot, Bagdad, Erzeroum, Trebizond, and Jerusalem. The national debt is large and the national credit is very poor. The army, although wretchedly paid and fed, is capable of excellent service. The navy includes a number of first-rate vessels of war. Though great in extent and population, Turkey is a weak state, ready to drop to pieces whenever the protection of the European powers is removed. Ignorance and oppression deaden the people, and the system of government seems to be incapable of reform.

The Ottoman Turks migrated westward from the Caspian region toward the close of the thirteenth century. Under Othman they subdued Asia Minor. The Eastern, or Greek, Empire still existed, with its center at Constantinople, but the emperors were weak. The Turks crossed into Europe and fixed their capital at Adrianople. The Sultan Bajazet extended the Ottoman power to the Danube. The Tartar Tamerlane checked for a few decades the progress of Turkish conquest, but in 1453 the Sultan Mohammed II. took Constantinople by storm, dealing a death-blow to the Eastern Empire. Strengthened by the possession of this splendid city the Moslems resumed their conquering course. Selim (1512–1520) added Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt to the realm, becoming the head of the Mohammedan Church. The empire was at its best under his son, Suliman the Magnificent (1520–1566), whose friendship was sought by the proudest sovereigns of Christian Europe. But the select troops—Janizaries—who had built up the military power of Turkey, seized control, and set up and deposed rulers at their will. Russia began to develop strength and reached out toward the Black Sea. Once again, in 1683, an Ottoman army marched into Austria, and Vienna narrowly escaped capture. From that time the power of the Sultan declined. Peter of Russia and his successors won the northern coast of the Black Sea, and incited the subjects of the Porte to rebellion. Greece broke away. Then Roumania and Servia became independent. In 1853 Nicholas of Russia declared his right to protect the Turkish Christians, and in defense of this principle he fought the Crimean War. France and England helped Turkey to defeat him. In 1877 the conflict was renewed, and the Russians had almost taken the capital when the Powers interposed, and saved the Turk once more. The provinces upon the north are slipping out of Turkish control, and all the efforts of Great Britain are necessary to prevent Austria and Russia from appropriating the remnant of Turkey in Europe.

King Louis of Bavaria.

LOUIS II., the insane king of Bavaria, committed suicide June 13 by drowning in the lake of Starnberg. With his body was found that of his physician, who had apparently lost his life in an endeavor to rescue his master. On June 8 a council of medical experts had pronounced the king unfit for governing, a regency had been declared, and Louis had been removed to Berg but a few days before his death.

Louis came to the throne at the death of his father in March, 1864, being then nineteen years of age. Bavaria was, next to Austria and Prussia, the most populous and powerful of the German states. In the struggle of that time between Austria and Prussia, Bavaria sided with the former, but when Austria deserted her ally in 1866, Louis joined the North German Confederation which Prussia had organized. Under Louis Bavaria played a prominent part in the establishment of the German Empire. Napoleon III. of France attacked Prussia in 1870 in the hope of checking Bismarck's schemes for a united Germany. He counted upon the sympathy, or at least the inactivity, of the South German states. But Louis placed the whole strength of Bavaria at the disposal of Prussia, and the minor states followed his example. Instead of the jealousy upon which Napoleon had relied, Louis came forward in 1871 and offered the imperial crown to King William of Prussia. He also ably seconded the efforts of Bismarck to break the civil power of the pope.

But the king who began his reign under such favorable circumstances gave himself up to dissipation and ruined his career. His eccentricities were most strikingly displayed in his extravagant love of architecture and music. As the patron of Richard Wagner he built a theater at Baireuth, and enabled the composer to produce his operas with the best artists and upon the most magnificent scale. It was his favorite amusement to listen as sole auditor to these performances. He indulged his architectural fancy by building seven palaces of different designs at enormous expense. As his malady developed he shut himself up from his people, surrounding himself with a light bodyguard and seeking the seclusion of a mountain castle. His foolish expenditures plunged him into bankruptcy, and he was deposed from the throne in order to save the kingdom from additional disgrace. Otto I. succeeds his brother as king of Bavaria, but he is feeble-minded, and his uncle, Prince Luitpold, will act as regent.

The British Elections.

THE government of Great Britain differs from our own both in time and method of elections. We choose a President every four years, and vote for members of Congress once in two years. Under the British system the only national elections are for members of the House of Commons. These elections may take place at any time.

The present House was chosen in December, 1885. Lord Salisbury was then at the head of the government, but his support in Parliament was so slight that he determined to appeal to the country to indorse the Conservative policy by electing a new Parliament favorable to the ministry. The elections resulted in a Conservative minority and Lord Salisbury resigned. Mr. Gladstone became Premier. But, a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives having defeated the Home Rule Bill, he in turn obtained the queen's consent to the dissolution of Parliament, and will try the efficacy of a new appeal to the people. Thus Great Britain is subjected to the excitement and expense of two national elections within a twelve-month.

The elections do not take place simultaneously in all parts of the kingdom, as in the United States, the restriction being that they must occur within thirty-five days from the date of the royal order (or writ) for the election.

The sole qualification required to be a member of Parliament is to have attained the age of twenty-one. But all priests and deacons of the Church of England, ministers of the Church of Scotland, and Roman Catholic clergymen; all government contractors; all sheriffs and election officers, are disqualified both from voting and from sitting as members. Nor can any peer of England or Scotland sit in the House of Commons.

A Brief Survey.

THE Irish parliamentary fund has been re-opened in this country, and large amounts are being subscribed to aid in electing the Parnellite candidates. ——The State of Michigan celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its admission to the Union June 15.—— An attempt was made June 15 to murder ex-Mayor Secor of Racine, Wis., by a dynamite bomb. The fuse was not correctly timed and the plot failed. A passer-by was wounded by fragments from the explosion. No cause is given for the assault.——Master-Workman Powderly states that the day of the boycott is past. Hereafter no boycott or strike will be undertaken by the Knights of Labor without the sanction of the executive committee; and the executive committee must be represented by a member in all negotiations between workmen and their employers. He denies the stories of conflict between the Knights and the labor unions, and declares that the Cigar-makers Union is the only one which is antagonistic to his organization.

The elections to the provincial legislature of Nova Scotia resulted in a decisive victory for the party which favors separation from the Dominion of Canada. The seceders will make a vigorous effort to free themselves from the commercial disadvantages which they believe spring from their present relations with Canada.——It is reported that the British government disapproves of the aggressive movement of the Canadian authorities in the fisheries dispute, and that no more American vessels will be seized unless their violations of the law are flagrant.——Juarez Selman is the newly elected president of the Argentine Republic, one of the most prosperous states of South America.——The City of Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was totally destroyed by fire June 13. Ten lives were lost and several thousand people rendered homeless. Loss, $1,000,000.——The labor troubles in the mining districts of France and Belgium continue. Twenty-five hundred miners are reported on a strike near Mons in the latter kingdom.——It is unofficially stated that France has taken possession of the New Hebrides Islands, a fertile group in the South Pacific Ocean near the French colony of New Caledonia. England and the Australian colonies protest against the seizure. The islands have been heretofore subject to no European power.——The first legislative assembly of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia met June 14. Prince Alexander addressed the delegates as the representatives of "United Bulgaria," and expressed his confidence in a brilliant future for the new state.——Queen Victoria invited the Count of Paris to spend the period of his banishment in England, offering him for a residence Claremont Castle, where his grandfather Louis Philippe lived after his dethronement.

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Boarder Smith—"Ah yes, poor thing. I was expecting that: I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been strong."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Buttons—"Letter, sir. Bearer wants a answer."

Mr. Bumptious Bloward (who has "got on")—"Don't speak like that, you dreadful boy! You never hear me say 'a answer.'"

Buttons—"No, sir; you puts a haitch in, sir. 'Tain't your fault, sir; there weren't no school board when you was a boy, sir."—*Fun.*

—Johnny says he is in his mother's canoe, and she is always able to paddle it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Mamma," said a little Fifth Ward boy lugubriously the other day as he laid down a volume of biographical sketches of the Presidents, "I don't believe I'll ever be a President. I aint got the chance. I wasn't brung up right."

"Why, child, you have the same chance that other little boys have."

"No, I aint; I wasn't born in a log cabin, nor I aint drove a team on the canal, nor had to read the spellin' book by the light of the pine knot, nor had to split rails, nor nothin' like the rest of the boys who got there. I tell you, mother, I'm handicapped on this presidential business."—*Elmira Gazette.*

—An under-graduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in."

—"Did you ever hear how old John Knight said his father came to Georgia?" remarked an Atlanta judge. "Old John said that his father lived in the backwoods of North Carolina, and the first two-horse wagon he ever saw he took after it. He became so absorbed in the question of how far it would run before the big wheels overtook the little ones that he followed it to Augusta, Ga., before he gave out and had to stop. He didn't know the way back, and had to stay."

—At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted:

"Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spensers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?"

And a voice answered sadly from the gallery, "All dead."—*Exchange.*

—Against her Conscience, (Scene: Highlands, Sunday).—Tourist—"Can you sell us threepenny worth of milk, missus?"

Mrs. McJob—"Whit did ye say? Losh me!—sell mulk the Saubath day? Na, na! I couldna do that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll gie ye thripence worth for naething, an' ye'll jist make me a praesent o' a shullin'."—*London Fun.*

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—Herr Theodore Martin had just played one of his most beautiful solos for a little company assembled at the Schubert Musical Institute the other night, when somebody whispered to a lady present, saying,

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—Young Babster is just learning Greek and has nearly mastered the alphabet. He said it was no wonder Homer was blind if he had to read his own poetry in such outlandish type.—*Lynn Union.*

"Do you feel better, Johnny?" asked a fond mother of her boy, on board a Cunarder.

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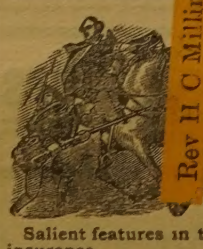

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ASSETS, - - - - - - $8,000,000.

Salient features in the policy of the Washington that commend it to the attention of all contemplating insurance.

1st. Dividends annually at the end of the first and each succeeding year. 2d. The dividends of The Washington may be applied to the payment of the premium. 3d. If not so applied, they purchase additional insurance. 4th. If used to purchase additional insurance, THEY ARE RECONVERTIBLE INTO CASH FOR THEIR ORIGINAL AMOUNT. 5th. If the premium be unpaid when due, THE WHOLE OF THE CASH DIVIDEND TO THE CREDIT OF A POLICY IS APPLIED TO CONTINUE THE INSURANCE FOR THE FULL AMOUNT AS SO MUCH PREMIUM UNTIL EXHAUSTED. 6th. The fact that a policy has dividends to its credit is authority for this company, BY VIRTUE OF THE POLICY CONTRACT, TO APPLY THEIR FULL CASH VALUE TO THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS *without written directions from the party insured.* 7th. A policy in The Washington while held by dividends may be continued WITHOUT MEDICAL RE-EXAMINATION, by payment of the balance of the premium due. 8th. The cash value of accumulated dividends will be paid on demand, provided premiums are paid to date.

"The Washington Illustrated Almanac for 1886" sent gratis, in answer to requests addressed to the Company or its Agents.

Rev H C Milliman